

Payphone

by Godric's Pen

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Summary: Jack and Hiccup had a fight. Naturally, Jack ends up sulking around town, feeling about as lousy as a muzzled dragon, without his cellphone. Perhaps a certain grumpy friend and handful of change will fix that. Hijack week, huzzah!

Payphone

Apparently, it's Hijack week. C'mon, like I was gonna skip that?

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><p>Jack couldn't exactly remember why it was he and Hiccup were fighting.</p>

He didn't remember what it was that had started it, only that it had made Jack blow up, and say some stupid stuff. Which, in turn, caused Hiccup to blow up and say some pretty dumb things too.

Faces had reddened, freckled arms had flailed in violent gestures, there had been yelling and slammed doors, mean names exchanged and insults traded.

It had ended with Jack leaving their apartment in a raging huff, doing what he always did when his emotions got the best of him; he took off.

So, now here he was, in nothing but his favorite blue hoodie and worn out skinny jeans, shoeless and cold, moping around corners of Burgess he didn't even know existed.

Jack sighed, leaning against the brick wall of building.

He missed Hiccup. It hadn't even been two hours, and yet he missed the dork.

He missed his endearingly crooked teeth, with the little gap in between the two front ones.

And his round cheeks, that were always rosy no matter what, and the slender neck that led to sloping shoulders.

The freckles that covered every inch of him, and the slight limp he walked with due to his prosthetic leg. His clever fingers, that felt so perfect when intertwined with Jack's own.

Hiccup's sharp tongue, the entirely characteristic facial expressions that revealed his every thought. The way he talked with his hands, the way he smiled dopily when Jack was near, the way he laughed.

The green eyes that sparkled, and shined and glittered, the ones with the brightest color that Jack couldn't compare to anything.

The white-haired teen groaned and slid down the wall until his tailbone hit the pavement. "I'm such a wimp," he muttered wryly, "I can't even go a day without him."

"As much as I'd love to agree, yer no wimp, mate, yer just in love," a voice to his left suggested sagely.

"Bunny!" Jack exclaimed in surprise, head snapping up at the tall figure of E. Aster Bunnymund looming over him. The Aussie was clad in a grey overcoat, scarf, and boots, and looked very warm, to Jack's immense jealousy.

Yes, he loved the cold weather. When he had a real jacket and his feet weren't bare.

"You and Hiccup had a quarrel, eh?" Bunny didn't exactly ask, but said with the utmost sureness, raising a thick black eyebrow, causing the tattoo on his forehead to wrinkle.

"What are you doing here?" the pale boy asked in astonishment, intentionally changing the subject.

He stood up so he at least wasn't sitting there on the ground like a kid kicked out of his house.

Which he kind of was.

The freakishly tall male crossed his burly arms and gave him a look, "Well, I saw ya mopin' over here like a bludger, and I thought I'd drop in and see what was wrong with ya. Though, I guess I know now, don't I?"

Jack scowled, "I guess you do."

Bunny held up his large hands in defense, "Hey, now, Frosty, don't be all aggro with me, I'm just tryin' te help."

"Got a time machine?" The albino youth mumbled miserably, squeezing his eyes shut and running a hand through his snowy locks.

"Nah, I got somethin' better." Jack felt something cold and metal that made a rattling sound shoved into his hand. "Call 'im." Bunny

ordered gruffly, shoving his hands back into his pockets and striding away.

Blue eyes stared after him for a moment, before they hardened in resolve and numb feet were slapping against the sidewalk in their four foot trek to a payphone.

Jack stared at the contraption, the glorious, wonderful contraption, thinking how he was going to buy Bunny an entire new set of those colorful ceramic eggs the Aussie collected, and shoved the coins into the slot. With shaky fingers, Jack dialed the number that was burned into his brain forever, with bated breath he waited as the receiver rang once, twice, three timesâ€"

"Hello?" a nasal voice asked on the other end, sounding croaky.

Jack inhaled sharply at the sound, that gorgeous sound, "Hiccup," He breathed back, apologies and self-loathing already on his tongue.

"Jack?!" Relief and incredulousness were present in Hiccup's voice, "Oh, God, Jack, where are you?"

Jack nearly laughed at the feeling swelling in his chest, "I-I'm at a payphone, by the Texaco in townâ€"

"Wait there." Hiccup told him breathlessly, as Jack heard the jingling of keys and the opening of a door. "I'm coming." He hung up.

Jack hadn't realized he'd been standing there listening to the incessant beeping telling him that the call was over, until his hand cramped irritably from holding the receiver so tightly.

He turned around, and waited, jumping at the sound of every car. To the inadequately clad male, it seemed like an eternity, or maybe only a few seconds, when finally the old green pickup drove up.

Jack watched, nerve-wracked as it parked, and a skinny young man hopped out. The auburn head swiveled from side to side, until green eyes landed upon the taller form that was still leaning heavily against a payphone.

Neither called out, only keeping their eyes locked, as a fur boot and a metal prosthetic alternated with mismatched sounds on the pavement in a sprint.

And even though Jack saw it coming, he still felt the wind get knocked out of him as the smaller body of his boyfriend slammed into him. Thin arms wrapped around Jack's middle, and a round nose buried itself in his chest. "I'm sorry," came the muffled words from the freckly college student, the heat from his blushing cheeks radiating into his boyfriend's chest, "I'm Sorry."

"Me too," Jack whispered, "I am too, Hiccup, so sorryâ€""

"You worried me," Hiccup interrupted hoarsely, lifting his head slightly and fisting the blue material of the Jack's beloved hoodie, "Iâ€"I didn't know where you were, and I felt, feel, so awful that I let youâ€" that I Made youâ€" God, I'm a complete idiot, I can't

believe thatâ€" Argh, I'm the worst boyfriendâ€" "

"Hey," The taller, paler one cut in, long fingers resting on the thin waist opposite him, "Hic, it was just a fight, couples fight all the time. It's natural."

A shaggy auburn head fell back against Jack's pectorals, a sigh escaping him, then a sarcastic, "Yeah and so are earthquakes. Are you getting the picture?" Green eyes peeked up shyly, "...You think you can forgive me?"

A low chuckle was released and the two were locked in an embrace, the shorter's head tucked under an angular jaw, and Hiccup felt Jack's next words vibrate against his speckled cheek. "Duh. Jeez, Hic, I thought you were supposed to be the smart one in this relationship!"

Jack laughed again when a half-hearted glare that was more adorable than fearsome was thrown his way, "Think you can forgive me? The adoring, devilishly handsome man you love so dearly?" He added, the last bit overly sweet and playfully hopeful.

"Oh, I don't know," Hiccup replied with an exaggerated sigh, tilting his head to the side and staring up in mock-thought, "You know how stubborn we Vikings can be."

"Do I ever."

"I may need some kind of convincing, you know." continued the Viking descendant, goofy grin plastering itself on his face.

Blue eyes lit up with mischief, "Really now? How's this?" Jack craned his neck slightly, and Hiccup stood on his tiptoes, and their lips met.

Freckled hands slid around Jack's neck, and paler ones tightened on Hiccup's waist. Each pulled the other as close as possible, as though if they could only just close the practically nonexistent space between them they'd be one.

It was rather pointless, as anybody could see, because they already were, in a sense.

They pulled apart slightly, not even at arms length, faces mere centimeters apart, breaths mingling. "We should fight more often," Jack joked weakly, threading his fingers through the soft auburn hair of his loved one.

Hiccup smiled his smile, the one where all his perfectly flawed teeth showed in a spectacular set of crooked. His hands moved to clasp gently around the wrists on either side of his face. "I love you, snowball."

A pearly grin, "I love you too, Hic."

They kissed once more.

Jack shivered. He wasn't sure whether it was from the cold, or from the electricity that got sent through him every time he and Hiccup touched.

"Oh, God, c'mon, let's go home before your feet freeze off!" The shorter one exclaimed worriedly, dragging Jack towards the car.

Allowing himself to be pulled, amidst the babbling of his boyfriend about how frostbitten toes were not cool, the older one smiled to himself.

Somewhere, in his love-addled head, there was the thought that someone should build a monument to that payphone.

* * *

><p>Aaaaand this is why I should not listen to Maroon 5.<p>

End
file.